

THE MERRY BRITISH BEGGAR.

I brave the day, I brave the night,
I throw my sorrows to the wind,
And try to keep a cheerful mind,
Although my body is thin and light,
Although I am fat,
Is considered fat,
Because I shaved the outer rim
To try and keep it smooth and trim.
I laugh and sing and whistle, too,
When I have wind enough to spare,
But the shade is frosty air.
My breath comes short, my nose turns blue,
My fingers freeze,
And my poor knees
Would knock together did they dare;
But still I keep a jaunty air.
When bread is scarce and shelter poor
I wear the sparrow, and I say,
"Only want a meal a day."
And if they turn me from the door
I tramp for weeks,
And dodge the beats,
And with no money for a bed
I try an archway or a shed.
I brave the day, I brave the night,
I throw my sorrows to the wind,
The'se to keep a cheerful mind
And screw your courage for the fight.
And so, kind sir,

In case you err,
With over pity worse than none,
Just hand a copper and have done."—
Nina F. Layard in Longman's Magazine.

Chinese Points for Hosts.

"Don't eat with your ears," says Yuan Mel, a Chinese writer, "by which I mean do not aim at having extraordinary out of the way foods, just to astonish your guests. For that is to eat with your ears, not with your mouth. Bean curd, if good, is actually nice than bird's nest; and better than sea slugs, which are not first rate, is a dish of bamboo shoots."

"The chicken, the pig, the fish and the duck, these are the four heroes of the table. Sea slugs and bird's nest have no characteristic flavors of their own. They are but usurpers in the house. I once dined with a friend who gave us birds' nests in bowls like vats, holding each about four ounces of the plain boiled article. The other guests applauded vigorously, but I smiled and said, I came here to eat bird's nest, not to take delivery of it wholesale."—
Temple Bar.

How to Acquire a Foreign Vocabulary.

Perhaps one of the best ways of fixing the words and idioms of a language in one's mind is to teach them to some body else. The learner should try to impart to some member of his family what he has already mastered. He should, above all, seek command first of words in familiar use, leaving to a later stage of his progress the fogginess of literary expressions; his first business is with the common objects of daily life, his last business is with general terms. As he sits at his desk he ought to be able to name every article about him, just as when he is riding in the street car or on the railway he should be able to mentally recall the equivalent for every detail in the moving panorama of objects.—Boston Herald.

Frosted Glass.

The frosty appearance of glass which we often use when it is desirable to keep out the sun or for a protection against inquisitive eyes, is brought about by using a paint composed as follows:

Sugar of lead, well ground in oil, applied as other paint, then pounded while fresh with a wad of batting, held between the thumb and finger, after which it is allowed to partially dry. Then with a straight edge laid upon the sash you run along by the side of it with a stick sharpened to the width of the line you wish to appear between the diamonds, figures or squares into which you choose to lay it off.—Detroit Free Press.

A Little' Brute.

Nearsighted Lady.—The boy who is trying to tie that tin can to that poor dog's tail ought to be thrashed within an inch of his life—the horrid little brute.

Maid.—It's your boy, mumm.

"My boy?"

"Yes, mumm."

"Tell him if he'll stop I'll give him some cake."—Good News.

A Tribute to the Frog.

The bullfrog is a combination of piscatorial, venatorial and aquatic delights. From his cradle to his grave he is an ornament and an honor to the land. There is fine sport in the hunting of him and the eating of him, and it is both policy and justice to protect him from the onslaughts of rival and foreign bullfrogs.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Poetic Child.

My oldest boy, who has not yet reached the mature age of three, has, I think, a poetic way of expressing himself. Thus the other day, on noticing the ripples on the lake in Central park, caused by the wind, he exclaimed, "Mamma, look; see how the water is laughing."—New York Cor. Babyhood.

Cloth and Paper Made from One Tree.

The paper tree of the South seas is a species of the mulberry. Its inner bark is so delicate that a soft and pleasant feeling cloth is made from it, which the natives use in making their "best suits." It is also used in the manufacture of a very fine grade of paper.—Philadelphia Times.

In the abysses of the oceans below 500 fathoms, many animals have either imperfect eyes or none. Their condition in this regard affords a suggestive parallel to that of cave life, and the causes are probably the same. Science is of the opinion that all deep sea life originally emigrated from the shallows.

A writer on social affairs in Iceland says there is not a single prison on the island; that such things as locks, bolts and bars are unknown, and that there are neither watchmen nor policemen.

In the line of eating the Manchus, who have ruled in China since its conquest by them some 250 years ago, are strongest in baked meats. The Chinese excel in soups.

Old French forts are being sold very cheap. A French artist has bought the Fort du Guesclin for about \$1,100. They go from a few hundred to \$1,000.

Keckering by Her Time.

"Hold the baby, please; I'll be back in just a minute," said she. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes passed. Baby awoke and yelled as if seven ghosts were after it. Taking the child, he went to find his wife.

"She isn't here," said the neighbor. "She has gone to the dressmaker's. But she left her parasol here and said she'd call for it in just a minute. Have a call."

"Thanks." Baby screaming, head thrown back, face red, eyes shut, back stiff, kicked off one little red shoe and made its mouth and hands go. Half an hour, no wife. He carried the baby to the dressmaker's, where he was told:

"Your wife isn't here. She has gone to the milliner's. But she left a dress pattern here and said she'd call for it in just a minute. Be seated."

"Thanks." He trotted the screaming child on his knee, laid it on its back, rolled it over on its stomach, tossed it in the air, stuffed a handkerchief in its mouth and hummed "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." He asked for a rattle box, but the dressmaker got mad and said she wasn't married. Half hour, no wife. He took the child to the milliner, who said:

"Your wife isn't here. She has just left for home. Oh, what a cute little mouth; that child has been crying!" "Hain't it?" He started for home and met his wife on the street. Tossing the child into her arms he strutted away, muttering:

"I'll be back in just a minute." "Chicago or New York time, dear?" "Your time?" he thundered.

That was two years ago and she hasn't seen him since.—Chicago Herald.

Lord Castlereagh's Ghost.

In one of the standard British biographical works may be found the story of Lord Castlereagh and the ghost. It seems that when quite a young man Castlereagh commanded a militia regiment in Ireland. One night he was stationed in a large, desolate country house. The bed upon which my lord reposed was at the end of a long, dilapidated room, while at the other extremity had been prepared within a huge, gaping, old fashioned fireplace. Walking in the middle of the night, Castlereagh lay watching from his pillow the gradual darkening of the embers on the hearth, when suddenly they blazed up and a naked child stepped from among them upon the floor.

The figure advanced slowly toward the drowsy but thoroughly puzzled general, seeming to grow with surprising rapidity at every step, until, coming within two or three paces of his bed, it had assumed the proportions and appearance of a ghostly giant, pale as death, with bleeding wounds across the brow, eyes seeming to glow with rage and despair. Lord Castlereagh said that he leaped from the bed and confronted the figure in an attitude of defiance, whereupon it retreated before him, diminishing in size as it withdrew, in the same manner that it had previously shot up and expanded.

He followed it, pace by pace, until the original childlike form disappeared among the embers. This story Lord Castlereagh told and declared to be true in every particular at a party in Paris of 1815 when Scott was among the hearers.—St. Louis Republic.

The Sweetest Visits.

There is a pleasure in little, "scrappy" unexpected visitings with friends, which is often wanting from the planned and rounded comings when the "fire is bright and the cake basket ready in the closet." We are never conscious of a warmer, more living nearness to a friend than after we have unexpectedly chanced upon him in the street and had a few minutes of that flavorous chat which glances at so much and grasps so little, or after he has dropped in, for an unanticipated half hour, at a time when we had no reason to look for him.

Why is it that the longer, more ordered hours of meeting, leave, on the whole, an impression less vivid and less warm? Perhaps because we have lived to visit once, in anticipation, and the reality has some faint fatal suspicion of staleness? Certain it is, the scrappy hours are sweetest.—Boston Commonweal-

Did Not Know What Was Going On.

There is a fact about the French revolution more wonderful in its way than any which can be discovered in old newspapers. It is the fact, gathered from private letters of the period, that in those stirring times, when all the world was ringing with the events in Paris, there were actually people in that city living in absolute ignorance of the horrors around them. There was no Reign of Terror for them. They lived veritable recluses in their quiet suburban houses, hearing nothing, reading nothing of the turmoil which startled and terrified the nations. One wonders much what manner of people these oyster-like folks might be. Nothing sounds more incredible today. Yet there are many things in history not half so well authenticated, though history is curiously silent on so strange a circumstance.—London News.

What the Present Was Used For.

There was once a school teacher who received from her pupils a most elaborate jewel casket of glass and silver. Not long afterward she announced in family conclave, "That thing is horrid, but we really must use it." "We?" queried her mother. "Why, how many of us are expected to make use of it?" "As many as possible, I should say," was the innocent reply. "Isn't it a pickle jar?"—Youth's Companion.

Knew How to Wait.

Van Jorkins (to applicant for position of butler)—You are familiar with waiting?

John Thomas—Oh, yes, sir.

Van Jorkins—Where did you get your experience?

John Thomas—I was a fashionable tailor, sir; and I gave long credits.—New York Epoch.

14 Years of Suffering.

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Mr. Peter Lawler, of Dalton, Mass., suffered from kidney trouble, stones in the bladder, and rheumatism for fourteen years, and found no relief from the many remedies he took until he tried:

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